

Ted's Turkey

A Thanksgiving Story by
Epes Winthrop
Sargent.

Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.
"O you think it's a square deal?" demanded Teddy.
"There's Tom Bolan. He works in his blacksmith shop all day and gets his face as black as an end man. Then he goes home and washes up, and he's all right. What difference does it make if I daub on him instead of dirt?"

"It isn't all that, Ted," said Sally. "Somehow you seem different."

"Just because you saw me," he laughed bitterly. "Biff Brattle told me I was the limit, but I didn't suppose I was bad enough to queer my luck with you."

"I can't explain," said Sally impatiently. "But somehow when I saw you last summer with all the people laughing at you I—I couldn't be proud of you any more. I just felt ashamed to sit there and remember that I was engaged to you."

"And you waited all this time to tell me," he said scornfully. "Let me live on in that fool's paradise all this time? Why, I could have gone with the Fordmans this winter if I had wanted to, but I told Blakeley that I'd come on to quarters just so I could be near you."

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said dully. "I like you still when I see you, but then every little while your face gets all white with the red marks on it, and I want to cry."

"Brattle was right," he said bitterly. "Let circus folk marry circus folk. Let them deeper down than makeup. 'I suppose I ought to,' said Sally. 'But I just can't, Ted.'"

"All right," he said brusquely, trying to keep back the tears that would



SHOWS THE PHOTOGRAPH LEMBERED INTO THE CARD.

rise to his eyes. "I don't want the old ring back. I don't want any one else to give it to me. No more."

He climbed into the tiny road cart, cracked the whip, and the four ponies trotted off.

It was only four miles to Carstonville, where the Blakeley hippodrome, menagerie and circus lay in winter quarters, but every revolution of the little wheels seemed to put Sally and happiness miles behind.

Ted Stevens was a circus clown—not a very good one, but good enough for the one ring wagon when he traveled with. Last spring he had come down a few weeks before the opening to rehearse some bits of comedy, and he had met Sally Smith.

She had never seen much of show folk, and she was attracted by his fun as well as by the whimsicalness of his manner. In the three weeks they saw each other Ted had won her heart. Then the show had gone south to open. It was midsummer before the slow moving outfit had come back to Carstonville to show, and that afternoon Ted had done his best because Sally was watching from the reserved seats. He had been rather disappointed at her lukewarm appreciation, but he did not realize what the matter was until he came back with the show to go into winter quarters.

He had taken the meager salary offered to help care for the stock instead of playing at the vaudeville theaters through the winter, and it was with a happy heart that he took the pony four-in-hand out for exercise and had driven over to the Myerly farm.

He had received an enthusiastic welcome from ten-year-old Dick, but Sally had been cold, and at last she confessed that the sight of him in the ring had killed her love. Her ideas of romance were gleaned from cheap fiction, wherein English lords in disguise were more apt to be heroes than circus clowns. The sight of Ted in his motley had killed her ideals, and she wanted her freedom.

For the next couple of weeks he held to his work, trying in occupation to find forgetfulness. He had been rather clever with dogs once, and he got permission to try his hand at two of the ponies, just to occupy his mind, but in the long nights, when the silence was broken only by an occasional cry from the stock barn, he had plenty of time to think, for sleep came late to his tired eyes.

The day before Thanksgiving Thomas Myerly drew up at the sheds and climbed down from his seat. Ted saw him and went out to meet him.

"Sally wants to know if you won't bring them ponies over," he said.

"Nine Days' Thanksgiving." In the time of Grecian prosperity and power that nation celebrated a feast very much resembling that of the Jews and supposedly borrowed from the latter. It was called the feast of Demeter or the Eleusinian mysteries, Demeter being the goddess of the cornfields, by whose special favor only good harvests might be expected. The celebration continued during nine days, and offerings to the goddess were made, consisting of oblations of wine, honey and milk.

November. The melancholy days have come. The flowers fade away. The crickets upward turn their toes. And early dies the day.

The mourning turkeys now are led To death, and, worse perhaps, The partridges, with muffled drums, Are sadly sounding taps.

—Judge

"Dick liked 'em so, and the doctor says that perhaps they'll rouse him." "I'll see the old man," said Ted. "I guess it'll be all right, though. They need a run."

Peculation was easily obtained when explanation was made, for the "old man" had youngsters of his own and a soft spot for children, and presently the tiny little team was trotting down the frozen road.

Dick was brought to the window, well wrapped up, but he only waved a languid hand at the clown and turned his head away. Ted unlatched them and put them through their tricks, but with no greater success, and after he had put the team in the barn he went into the house.

"That's the first kid I ever saw that wasn't stuck on them ponies," he said. "What's the matter with him?"

"That's what we want to know," said a grave faced man who had been talking with Sally. "The little fellow seems to be sunk into a sort of coma, and we cannot rouse him. He will not eat, and unless we can give him a desire for food and interest him in things we shall just have to watch him slip away."

"You want to come out and look at them ponies, do?" said Ted suddenly. "Come on out to the barn."

The physician paused a moment. Then something passed in the glance of the two men, and they went out together. For half an hour they sat on an old wagon box and talked, and then the physician went back to the house and Ted hitched up the ponies.

He drove out of the yard with a flourish of the whip toward Dick, who had been brought to the window to see him off. The little fellow answered with a weary wave of the hand, and Dick grunted his teeth as he drove off.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. It was almost Indian summer, and the windows were open in the Myerly home. Dick sat at the window, listlessly watching the people go driving by to church. Mrs. Myerly divided her time between the kitchen and the front parlor, to which Dick had been moved. A trumpet call sounded down the road, and she came hurrying in.

Around the bend there dashed a rider all crimson and gold, mounted on a black horse gaudy in crimson housings. With a swing he was in the yard, and just before the window he blew another blast on his trumpet.

"A turkey for Master Myerly fit for a king!" he announced in approved ringmaster tones. Then the black horse backed away, bowing to the astonished child, and wheeled and dashed up the road again.

Presently the herald returned at a more stately pace, preceding the most curious procession that had ever traversed the Huntville road. Just behind the rider came a fantastic clown, either foot on the back of a milk white horse. Behind him lumbered a huge elephant drawing a glittering chariot ablaze with gold and mirrors.

Slowly the procession lumbered into the yard. At the gate the clown dismounted and threw handsprings up to the very door. There he paused expectantly while the elephant ponderously turned into the yard. Then the doors at the back of the chariot swung open, and out fluttered a turkey six feet high. The clown sprang forward and with his whip made the bird face the window.

"Dick," he called, "here's your Thanksgiving turkey. If you don't eat every mouthful of it I'll make the elephant bite you."

"Elephants don't bite," laughed Dick, his face aglow with excitement.

"This one does—bad!" said Ted darkly. "You wait and see. Turkey, how to the gentleman what's going to eat you."

Solemnly the bird pranced forward and bent its neck. Then it followed Ted around to the back of the house, and the cavalcade followed, turning into the road. Down beyond the bend Ted was waiting with the bird, but the cambric skin covered with turkey feathers, the making of which had kept Ted up half the night, had been removed, and it was merely an ostrich that was bawled into the best chariot of the Blakeley outfit.

Late that night Ted turned up at the quarters. There had been a Thanksgiving dinner in the training ring, and all, from the "old man" to the hostlers, were sitting about on the benches swapping stories.

"Well," said the "old man" kindly, "did it work, Ted?"

"Did it work?" echoed Ted. "Say, I'm afraid the kid's more like to die of indigestion than starvation. He's all to the good. Everything's all to the good."

And the little group crowded about to shake his hand, for they knew that a romance seeking girl had at last really found the heart of the clown beneath the motley.

While out driving Monday afternoon Meadames Bert Ward and Parker Merrill met with quite a serious accident. The horse which the ladies say is not usually frightened at automobiles or cars, became unmanageable as Dr. Wheeler drove by in his auto. The animal in turning quickly over, and the buggy throwing the occupants out in the road. Mrs. Ward had the misfortune to have her arm broken at

MAY GO TO U. S. COURT

Dispute Over Early Survey Between
Michigan and Wisconsin

MICHIGAN WANTS LAND

Result of Recent Survey to be Made to Next Session Legislature.

Has the state of Wisconsin been in undisputed possession for fifty years of a portion of the territory belonging to the state of Michigan? And if so, what is the state of Michigan going to do about it?

There are possibilities of a striking aspect in the situation presented by this inquiry. If Michigan has been deprived of a portion of valuable territory through the error of a surveyor, and the error can be established, will the courts disturb the boundary line between two sovereign states? This is a question that is likely to reach the supreme court of the United States, and it constitutes a hard nut for that tribunal to crack.

When Captain Cram was ordered by congress to survey and establish the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin he was directed to proceed to the headwaters of the Montreal river and run his lines from that point.

Two years ago, largely through the interest taken in the matter by the late Peter White of Marquette, the attention of the Michigan legislature was called to the fact that the government surveyor in 1841 did not follow the instructions of congress, and that if he had done so a strip of territory now assumed to be a part of Wisconsin would constitute a portion of the upper peninsula of Michigan. This strip comprises about seventy square miles and if the contention of the state of Michigan is correct the city of Hurley, Wis., and some of the iron mines south of the town should be included in territory belonging to Michigan.

Whether this territory can be successfully claimed by the Wolverine state depends upon what the headwaters of the Montreal river are. The river has two branches, and Captain Cram is said to have proceeded to a point which cannot be considered as the headwaters of the stream thereby depriving Michigan of territory that has since become valuable.

Whether Michigan's claim to this territory is purely sentimental is a question that may be involved, but which the legislature of 1907 did not consider when it directed the attorney general to cause a survey to be made of the boundary line and report to the legislature of 1909.

Attorney General John E. Bird has had made a survey by Professor J. B. Davis of the Michigan university, and will report the result of that survey to the legislature when it convenes in January. At present he declines to say what recommendation he will make to the legislature in regard to pushing the claim of the state to the territory in dispute.

It is understood that the state of Wisconsin, learning that in the new Michigan constitution an alteration has been made in the description of the state's boundaries, is taking steps to defend its title to the territory involved, threatening the most vigorous opposition.

Speaking of this change in the Michigan constitution which consists of the addition of two words to the description of the state boundaries, Attorney General Bird said tonight that these words were inserted for the purpose of saving the state's rights to the territory as the former language might be construed as a relinquishment of title to the disputed lands.

The people of Michigan have just approved the new constitution and by so doing have decided that Island Lake is the headwaters of the Montreal river, and that the state line survey should lead from that point in a direct line to the center of the channel between Middle and South Islands in the Lake of the Desert, thence in a direct line to the southern shore of Lake Brule, thence along said southern shore and down that river to Green Bay.

Wisconsin probably will dispute the terms of the Michigan constitution, and if the matter shall be pressed it will have to be adjudicated by the federal supreme court which has original jurisdiction in such cases.

Dr. W. F. English of Saginaw rode off the open and unguarded draw of the Sixth street and Carleton bridge at a o'clock Friday morning while on his way to make a call. He was in a runabout with the top and sides on and took a sheer drop of eighteen feet to the water. He managed to get free from the automobile and a big coat sustained him until he reached a pile, where he was picked up by the crew of a tug for which the bridge had been opened. He is in a precarious condition as the result of the shock.

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the wrist while Mrs. Merrill sustained several slight bruises. The accident happened east of Newton's hill near the city.—St. Louis Independent.

Who Wants a Lyon & Healy Piano.

We have learned of an unusual bargain in a Lyon & Healy Piano. This instrument is one of the regular style instruments. It is of the very latest design, semi-colonial, and the case is of exquisite mahogany. The musical portion of the instrument is fully up to the high standard of all Lyon & Healy pianos. This particular instrument was in the possession of a private owner for a few months only and shows no trace of wear.

If you are interested, write to Lyon & Healy, 77 Adams street, Chicago, for an illustration of this piano and also for the low net price they are willing to name on this and other special bargains in slightly used pianos. Ask for their special sales list of such bargains and their offer of sales agents' discounts for 30 days. Uprights from \$100 to \$175 that were originally priced for more than double these prices.

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